

Portage Lake News.

An Open Letter Received From Dr. I. M. Rhodes.

The Portage Lake Waterways and the contemplated improvements.

breakwater at the former place when built will be of the most substantial kind and the plans have been worked over many times. A year ago no appropriation had been made for this work, but should the present congress make any it is now too late to make any contracts for timber work, as the season in the woods is too far advanced. Should the money be appropriated, the necessary stone foundation may be put in next summer. With the \$50,000 appropriated last spring, the dredging will be continued next summer and, with a deeper channel, the vesselmen will demand the outside improvements.

August Peterson, living six miles down on the Chassell road, came to the sheriff yesterday with a tale of woe. His brother-in-law, Solomon Antillo, had been up town and imbibed too much "forty-rod." When this happens, it seems, Solomon is in the habit of exercising his muscle on his wife, who is Peterson's sister. This time his fancy took another turn and, with a double-barrel shot gun, threatened to wipe out the entire neighborhood. Peterson tended to his case and then, thinking a stop ought to be put to such proceedings, came to town to inform the authorities. A complaint was made before Justice Brand, and Solomon will be looked after.

The man who said Perkinsville had seen its best days did not know what he was talking about. Perkinsville has begun to boom since Nate Leopold has engineered his mining deal, and has regained some of the vigor of her old days. On Saturday sons of the Fatherland and the Old Sod met and, contrary to tradition, the former gained a hard-fought victory. So many of the young sons of Eria have sought fortunes in the far west that the remainder could not stand up against the onslaught of the enemy. When the mines begin to work the halcyon days of Perkinsville will come again.

If you want to buy anything in the furniture line for Christmas presents and to have very little trouble in buying, if you wish to go into a store and find just what you desire at the prices you feel you ought to pay, walk right over to my furniture store, where you will find the largest and best stock in town. Should you not find the stock of goods as I represent please mention it. Something would be wrong and I would have to remedy it right away.

Up-to-date Furniture House, J. N. MITCHELL, Hancock, Mich.

Branch No. 71, C. M. B. A., elected officers Monday evening as follows: President—J. E. Scallon. First Vice-President—J. J. Stone. Second Vice-President—Dumas Gozue. Recording Secretary—Joseph Matherbe. Assistant Secretary—John Francis. Treasurer—Ed Perso. Marshal—C. O. Oliver. Guard—John Francis. Trustees (2 years)—J. B. Martin and Sebastian Schmaus. Delegate to Grand Council—Ed Perso. Alternate—Rev. A. Keller.

Charles Clifford and John Biakala, two young men, however old enough to know better, stole some hides from one Manderson. Justice Olivier passed judgment on the case yesterday morning. Clifford preferred thirty days in jail to paying a \$5 fine, and got there, and the sheriff now has him. Biakala paid a fine of \$1 and costs.

Jacob Koskila raised a little row Monday night while "under the influence," and in the morning found himself before Justice Finn. The justice was light on Jacob, it being his first offense and so near the holiday season, and fined him but \$3 and costs.

Frank Neville, proprietor of the Northwestern Hotel, will be the caterer on the occasion of the K. O. T. M. dance, New Year's night. Supper will be served in the hotel dining room.

The Hancock Methodist Sunday school will hold Christmas exercises Friday evening in the parlors of the church. Candy, nuts, etc., will be provided in abundance for the young people.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Haddock and family left today for Davenport, Iowa, to spend the holidays with Mrs. Haddock's sister, Mrs. Walls.

Engineer Marr, of the Portage Lake canal, left yesterday for Alynice, Ont., to spend the holidays with his daughter.

William Cullyford and family are still in London, but expect to leave soon for the south of France.

The Bon Ton tonsorial parlors at Houghton will not be open Christmas day.

CALUMET BUSINESS POINTERS

Smokers, if you have failed to find a cigar to suit you, try "Helmich's Crown," the best in the market.

The joyous holidays are made more joyous to him who receives a box of Ben-Hur cigars as a present from a considerate friend.

Clearing Sale

of \$20,000 worth of clothing, dry goods, shoes, mackintoshes, ladies' capes, wraps, etc. Goods will be sold at your own price. No money refused and no charge for examining the goods. Come and avail yourself of this grand opportunity.

SAM LAWRENCE, Next to Carlton hardware store.

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idea of ousting OYSTER STATE WEALTH when made—IF MADE AT ALL—by the deniable (no swearing intended) state of things that now exists. A business which unsupported by a proper abortive germinal treatment would depopulate the State in a few decades, for there are more germs and deaths by germ diseases today than ever before. (I must have remembered to have made a similar remark when I was awake) and this when backed up the strongest CAST IRON LAW that could be made. Law-suggest Legislators—those poor fellows that have all had rings in their noses and the said board has held of the other end of the rope.

The State Board proclaims a GOSPEL OF PEACE to germs, and the Legislature fits a Law to it. It then becomes the Law and Gospel unto us mortals.

I was passing a house the other day and as the sound of the pla-carding hammer died away I heard from within discordant sounds, one was from the myriads of germs. They seemed to say "Thanks, dear Protectors, Thanks. But the louder sound was a human voice—the voice of the germ-filled, suffering patient, which uttered this wail of woe and anguish: "Farewell, vain World, Farewell, it may be for a month and it may be forever, good-bye!" Weeks have passed, the pla-card is there—I don't know whether the patient is or no—a guard-man with a mournful look still paces in front of the pla-card.

I dreamed this also—would it be thought sacrilegious if I ASKED the said mathematician to figure up what the people of the great State of Michigan, and the other smaller States, and the world besides, would gain if the "ABORTIVE PLAN OF TREATMENT FOR GERM DISEASES" WAS ENFORCED (it never will become GENERAL UNLESS IT IS ENFORCED)—and if it SHOULD PROVE to be a DEMONSTRABLE FACT. Now I think, it MUST HAVE BEEN the mathematician's Spirit that spoke (I am certain it did not come from any of the State Board fellows.) "OH, LIFE IS TOO SHORT for such work," and too many germs around these days, and they would surely go for me.

And then, as it were, I had a SPIRITUAL VISION, and I SAW ALL ALONG the road leading to HEAVEN—and the number going thereafter the abortive treatment was adopted—DIMINISHED SO ABRUPTLY—MORE THAN 10 to 1—I mean of those going there PREMATURELY—(we all expect to go there sooner or later, you know,—that I yelled a yell of delight and it awoke me.)

These reflections and visions did not scare me much (I am not easily frightened, but it did set me to thinking of the good things I had done) had, you see, a mutual admiration meeting by myself, among other things, I remembered a good old hymn I used to sing some 50 years ago, which being paraphrased a little (I am no poet) I sing again now to-wit:

How long, dear State Board, oh, how long, shall this germ-brooding, death permitting LAW remain?

Roll round ye Legislative wheels of time, and bring the common sense, life-saving, germicidal year.

MORE REFLECTIONS—for these spells have been on me more or less for 20 years and over. Now this is an age of wheels (bicycles) and other "fads"—but WHEELS of INFLUENCE—I mean now, you scratch me and I will scratch you—scratching suggests itching, and itching, itching palms—a very common complaint now—a days. The State Board says to its MINIONS be loyal to us and we will be loyal to you, and keep up our germ-brooding establishments as long as we can, and if we know of a better way will not suggest it in print. And the great State University—my dear old mother—one of the SCIENTIFIC CULTURE TESTERS YOU KNOW, says "my dear boys don't use too much common sense and try to see anything with your natural eyes, we have begotten a GREAT FAMILY of YOU, and of course we must not interfere with the 'Breed-Improvement-Harvests'" — mentioned before. For a while, oh gentlemen, from top to bottom, there is more duplicity than science—more greed than honesty, in this whole matter. This last sentence was written when I was wide awake, and the "FEAR OF GOD" AND